

PLENTY OF COAL!

We now have a supply of
Coal for domestic use.

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Hillsboro Light & Fuel Co.

SINKING SPRING.

April 14, 1913.

The Sunday School at Conoway's Chapel on the Sinking Spring charge has been organized with Ellsworth Stargel as Superintendent. The chapel is to be congratulated on securing the services of a man who will make the work a success.

Will Setty, of near Cedar Chapel, who has been quite ill, is on the road to recovery.

The Sunday School at Sinking Spring is preparing for a Mother's Day program to be given next month.

Mrs. Jane McClure is slowly but surely recovering her health after two months of illness.

The Official Board of the Sinking Spring M. E. charge are requested to meet at Sinking Spring the first week in May.

ROUND HEAD.

April 14, 1913.

Our school closed Saturday.

A good deal of planting is still to be done in this vicinity, the farmers being delayed by the wet weather.

Mrs. R. A. McDaniel and daughter spent Thursday afternoon with her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Rolf, of Mt. Olive.

Mrs. George Edwards shopped in New Vienna, Friday afternoon.

Margery and Omar Rolf are visiting their grandparents, P. D. Stotter and wife.

Mrs. Mary Ayres and children spent Friday with Earl Ayres and family, of near Antioch.

Joe Thompson, of near Vienna, spent Sunday at home.

Lee McDaniel spent part of last week with George Rolf and family, of Mt. Olive.

PROSPECT CROSSING.

April 14, 1913.

Prospect Sunday School re-organized April 6 with the following officers for the coming year: E. E. West, Supt.; L. H. Mendenhall, Asst. Supt.; Fred Patton, Treas.; Frank Ashmore, Treas. of the Missionary Department; Martha Cunningham, Sec.; Cinderella Richards, Pianist.

Miss Fay Kelly was entertained by friends in Hillsboro from Thursday until Saturday.

Hugh Moorman and wife took dinner with Wm. Miller and family.

Miss Martha Cunningham visited her friend, Miss Nello Mercer, at Union Chapel, Saturday and Sunday.

Mart Stanley and wife, of Sinking Spring, visited the latter's parents, William Miller and wife, Sunday, and were accompanied home by their sister Mrs. Byrda Higgins.

Eva Storer visited Cinderella Richards from Thursday until Saturday and attended the Senior orations at

Hillsboro, Thursday night.

Miss Dora Ream called on her aunt, Elizabeth West, who is quite poorly, last Sunday afternoon.

C. A. Puckett and wife, of Bainbridge, visited their son, George, and family, Sunday.

Mrs. Sue Allen, of Vienna, visited her mother Saturday and Sunday.

John Kelly and wife and two children, visited Ed Roads and family, near Rainsboro, Saturday and Sunday.

DANVILLE.

April 14, 1913.

Dallas Parshall and wife visited relatives at Boston Saturday and Sunday.

Alfred Stroup and family, of Hillsboro, are spending a few days with his parents, Armos Stroup and wife.

E. M. Griffith, of Willettsville, was a business visitor here Monday.

Guy Mauntell and family were guests of relatives in Hillsboro, recently.

Mrs. Nancy Davidson, of California, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Isaac Davidson, and other relatives and friends in Highland county, after an absence of several years.

Walter Tedrick and wife and child, of Dodsonville, spent Wednesday and Thursday with Gus Calley and wife.

Master Earl Fawley, of near Taylorsville, spent part of last week with his grandparents, John Roush and wife.

Misses Helen Burton and Lillian Zane, of Hillsboro, spent Monday and Tuesday with the former's parents, Homer Burton and wife.

Regular preaching services at the Reformed church Sunday morning by the pastor, Rev. Horn. The Sunday School at this place will begin a red and blue contest on that day, and all who not attending Sunday School elsewhere are invited.

Rev. Foust will fill his regular appointment at the Christian church next Sunday, preaching both morning and evening. This church donated \$10 last Sunday morning to flood sufferers.

Ed Cochran and wife and son, Clarence, were guests of Leonard Roush and family, Sunday.

John Lemon and wife, of Shackleton, and Joe Siddens and wife, of Hillsboro, spent Sunday with Elizabeth Cochran and daughter, Mrs. Allie Roush.

Reuben Fawley and wife, of Lumberton, were guests of her brother, Gus Shaffer and family, Sunday.

Master Gerald Vance returned to his home in Sardinia, Monday, after several weeks visit with his grandparents, Geo. Leighman and wife.

Jas. Pugh, of Buford, was a guest of R. H. Hopkins and wife, Thursday.

Mrs. Geo. Brown visited her son, D. W. Brown, and family, Friday.

The Verdict

Delivered by Twelve Good Men
and True

By OSCAR COX

There is a district in the state of Mississippi where there are very few white persons. Most of the negroes have not yet secured the blessings of education with those of liberty conferred upon them by the emancipation proclamation. But they do the best they can toward the construction of a government of their own suited to their own simple necessities. These attempts are naturally based upon the examples afforded them by their white neighbors.

Considering the frequent robbery of henroosts and other petty depredations, the best citizens sent a committee to Canton to attend court with a view to learning the processes of law essential to the trial of criminals. Soon after their return and report court was convened in Silas Perkins' back yard to try Pete Davis for stealing a Shanghai rooster belonging to Mart Stevens. The judge, the prosecuting attorney and the prisoner's counsel were all members of the committee to gather legal lore. The jury were only supposed to know the law as the judge gave it to them.

"Yo' honah," began the prosecuting attorney, "in dis case o' de state agin Pete Davis fo' stealin' Mart Stevens' rooster I'm gwine to prove dat de chicken was a red one, with green tail feathers and a pair o' spurs wot's a Confederate critter company man in de late war."

"Dat rooster," interrupted Mart Stevens, "didn't got no spurs."

"Yes 't had," put in Pete.

"How yo' know?"

"By de scratches on mah hands."

"Stop yo' talkin'," cried the prisoner's counsel sharply. "Wha' yo' want to criminate yo'self fo', niggah? Yo' honah, I move dat statement be stricken out o' de records. Nobody don't got to criminate hisself."

This was embarrassing because there were no records, not a person connected with the court being able to



"TELL DE CO'T WHAT YO' SEEN."

write. The matter was compromised by the jury being instructed to pay no attention to what Pete had said about the rooster's spurs scratching his hands. Then the case was resumed.

"What yo' gwine to prove?" the judge asked the prosecuting attorney.

"I's gwine to prove, yo' honah, dat Pete Davis went to de chicken coop o' Mart Stevens in de middle o' de night and yanked dat red rooster with a blue tail and spurs lak—"

"I thought you said de tail war green?" interrupted the prisoner's counsel. "Gen'lmen o' de jury, please note dat de learned pettyfogger fus said de tail feathers war red, and now he says dey war blue."

"Yo' shyster!" retorted the prosecutor contemptuously. "Don't yo' know dat sometimes when de sun air a-shinin' on a chicken's tail de feathers looks green and sometimes dey looks blue?"

"Wha' yo' put 'em bofe in fo'?" asked the judge.

"Why, yo' honah," replied the prosecutor patronizingly, "didn't yo' observe when we war attendin' co't at Canton dat de lawyers put in ebertying under de beabens, fearin' dat de opposin' counsel wou'd accuse 'em o' not statin' what dey war talkin' about?"

"I disremembered dat," said the judge. "Go on."

"As I war a-sayin'," the prosecutor continued, "I's gwine to prove—"

"Yo' honah," one of the jurymen spoke up, "hain't it time to stop tellin' wha' he's gwine to prove and time to prove somepin? I got a job o' white washin' to do dis afternoon, and if d time's all taken up with tellin' wha' he's gwine to prove I done miss doin' mah job."

"Mr. Persecutin' Attorney," said the judge, "confine yo'self to provin' tings, not wha' you gwine to prove. Nobody don't car nothin' about wha' yo' gwine to prove."

"All right, yo' honah. Call Jim Frisbie."

Jim Frisbie got up from a soap box

he was sitting on and stood on it. He was sworn and stood ready to be questioned, looking very much as if he was to be fired at and his business was to dodge the missiles.

"Jim Frisbie," said the prosecutor, "tell de co't wha' yo' seen de udder night when Mart Stevens' rooster done got stole."

"I was sittin' on he po'ch o' mah cabin playin' on mah banjo and singin' de 'Swanee Ribber' when I hearn a squawkin' in Mart's chicken coop. De moon was a-shinin', and soft clouds war a-floatin' ober de face, obscurin' fus' de mouf o' de man in it. den he nose and arter dat de—"

"Cut dat out," said the judge. "Come down to Pete's runnin' off wid de squawkin' rooster."

"I didn't see Pete runnin' off wid de squawkin' rooster," said the witness.

"Didn't yo' say," said the prosecutor, "dat de moon was a-shinin'?"

"Yes, sah."

"And yo' hearn de squawkin'?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, go on and tell de rest."

"I seen Pete a-comin' towa'ds me."

"Well?"

"Dat's all I seen."

"Do yo' mean to say yo' didn't see Pete a-runnin' past yo' cabin?"

"Yes, sah. I didn't see him."

"Why not?"

"Dat's what I war gwine to tell you when I war tole to cut it out."

"Well, go on and tell it."

"I said de clouds war a-floatin' ober de face o' de moon, obscurin' fus' de mouf o' de man in it. den de nose and arter dat de eyes, and jist as it cobered de eyes Pete run by mah cabin wid a squawkin' rooster in his arms."

"And yo' seen him?"

"No, sah. I didn't seen him, fo' at dat time de hull moon war cobered and it war da'k as a lump o' coal."

"Yo' honah," said the prosecutor, "I tink I hab proved by de witness dat Pete stole de chicken."

"How dat?" cried counsel for the defense.

"Didn't Jim Frisbie swar he hearn de chicken squawkin'?"

"Yes, but he didn't see Pete Davis carryin' de chicken, and he didn't see de chicken nudder. He didn't know wedder it war a rooster or a hen. He didn't know wedder de moonlight de tail feathers war green or blue, 'cause de cloud cobered de moon, and de moon didn't shine. He didn't know wedder de chicken war red or de comb war red. Howsomeber, he didn't know wedder it war Pete Davis a-runnin' or some udder niggah, and he couldn't see which way he war runnin'—wedder it war from de coop or towa'ds de coop. And he couldn't tell wedder he war white or black, wedder he war a man or a woman. How'd he know it wain't a hant, i like to know? He didn't know nuffin at all about it no mo' 'n—"

"Will de gen'lmen o' de jury," interrupted the judge, "please wake up. De learned counsel's losin' his bref, and he's comin' to de end o' his orashun."

Several darkies who were nodding roused themselves, and the counsel for the defendant brought his remarks to a conclusion.

"Wha' for, yo' honah, I tink yo' oughter instruct de jury to bring in a verdict dat day hain't no evidence dat Pete Davis stole Mart Stevens' rooster; dat it might 'a' been some udder man's roostah Pete stole or it might 'a' been some udder pussan dat stole Pete's roostah, seel'n dat de moon war a-shinin' when de fus' squawkin' war hearn, and de co't knows dat no niggah hain't gwine chicken steal'n when de moon is a-shinin'; consekently dere hain't no reason to suspect dere war any roostah stole at all."

"One w'd mo' yo'—the prosecuting attorney was beginning when the jurymen who had the job of whitewashing to do protested, declaring that if the case were not given to the jury at once he would leave it. Therefore the judge gave the following instructions:

"Gentlemen o' de jury, yo' hab fus' to consider wedder de chicken was stole; wedder, if it was stole, it belonged to Mart Stevens; wedder Pete Davis done stole it. Yo' mus' take inter consideration if de moon was shinin' and wedder any niggah would steal a chicken in such a condition o' de elephants; wedder Jim Frisbie's bearin' a squawkin' chicken goin' past him in de dark, without seel'n it or who had it, proves dat Pete Davis stole it; wedder—"

"Yo' honah," interrupted a jurymen, "ef you gib us any mo' we won't know wha' we's at."

The judge desisted and told the jury to go round to the back of the meeting house and bring in a verdict. They did so and, after half an hour's deliberation, returned, and the foreman said:

"Please yo' honah, there ain't any o' us niggahs know wedder Pete stole dat chicken or wedder de chicken stole Pete. We don't know wedder, when Pete run by Jim Frisbie's cabin, it was Pete dat was squawkin' or de rooster. We don't know wedder it war a rooster or a hen. Mebbe it war a goose, and like enough it might 'a' been a gander. Derefo', yo' honah, we ask to be discha'ged dat we may pursue our ordinary avocations."

"Yo' a' discha'ged," said the judge.

"And now, yo' honah, de jury wants to make an observation. It's about white folks' laws. De jury don't reckon dat white folks' laws agwine to do fo' us culled people. We brought in de verdict accordin' to yo' honah's instructions, and yo' instructions was accordin' to de law. But we didn't understand de law or de instructions. Dat's de reason we brought in de verdict dat we did. But widout de law or de instructions we all know right well dat Pete stole de rooster, an' dat's all dere is about it."

That was the last white folks' court held in that region.

BOY BRAVES COLD NIGHTS

Sixty Degrees Below, With Wet Feet, and No Blanket, He Pulls Through.

Dawson.—Old time mushers, hunters and trappers up the Klondike river are taking their hats off to Kid Cox, the tough young bundle of muscle and sinew, who has been taking an outing in that region.

All through the coldest period of the late cold snap, when it was more than 60 degrees below zero, Cox was out all night without even a blanket, a robe, a scrap of canvas or other material for protection or shelter. He did not even wear a parka. The story is brought by S. A. Ringle, who runs Ringle's roadhouse above the north fork of the Klondike.

Leaving Dawson in December Kid Cox mushed up the Klondike river, drawing a Yukon sleigh by hand.

As the kid made his way up the Klondike he expected to find an unoccupied country for trapping, but in each was surprised to find a line of traps out and some one busily covering each locality, so he turned back.

When getting toward the upper stations on the way out he finally grew tired of his sleigh, and took a little pack of food on his back. Arrayed in a black suit, with black fur cap, moccasins and mitts he defied the cold.

With only currants, a little flour, tea and a frying pan he made up his daily fare, melting snow to drink.

Now and then Cox would knock over a rabbit with a little 22 rifle which he carried, and into his handful of flour would go Mr. Bunny, to vary the fare for the wayfarer in the way of a stew.

On getting back to his sleigh Cox dragged it steadily through the deep snow until within four miles of Chisholm's. There he stepped into a little water, and slightly wet his feet.

Realizing his great danger should he get badly frozen, and feeling a sharp touch of cold, he dropped the sleigh and hopped it the four miles to camp. Staying there a day or two, he went back, got the sleigh and mushed again to camp. Finally he got to Ringle's, put in four days resting and then came on another stage, feeling fine and anxious for adventure.

Cox is a short man, but muscled like a giant.

Cox, when in Dawson, was an enthusiastic bowler. Those not acquainted with him would not suspect his physical prowess and endurance. Most men would have frozen to death on the trip up the Klondike had they attempted to go in his tracks at the same time with the same scant provisions and clothing.

U. S. MAY GET FAMOUS BARN

Most Treasured Building in London Is Offered for Sale and American Offers Big Price for It.

London.—It is scarcely conceivable that Maldstone and Kent will allow the Tithe barn, which is one of the most treasured possessions of the county capital, to be pulled down, and it is quite unthinkable that, having been pulled down, its fragments should be exported to America.

The Tithe barn, a long range of buildings in Mill street, belongs to the decorated period, and is probably older than the archbishop's palace, a

stately gabled building of perpendicular and Elizabethan date, standing on the north side of All Saints' church. That was begun by Archbishop Courtenay in 1395, and it was completed by his successor, Archbishop Arundel.

The barn is no longer a part of the ecclesiastical buildings and is now for sale. An American has offered 1,600 pounds for it, and proposes to transfer it to the United States, where it would be re-erected.

In the circumstances an appeal for the necessary funds to buy the freehold of this 600-year-old building ought to be responded to at once.

Modern Children Criticized.

London.—The modern child was criticized at a meeting of the Lancashire county council. "There is not the same parental control over children as formerly, lamented Sir Henry Hilbert. "There is an inordinate love of pleasure amongst young people which did not characterize previous generations," he continued, "while night lessons are taboo and children do not get anything like the sleep they formerly did."

Famous Old Tithe Barn.

after many years is known to be the best wire fence made. Ask anyone who has used Page Wire Fence, you don't need to take our word for it.

If you will need new fences this spring see me before buying. Page Fences are practical and are made for all purposes. When you buy why not get the best instead of paying as much for one not as good.

H. J. SCHWEINSBERGER

HILLSBORO, OHIO.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Wm. Florence Deceased.

R. H. Hopkins has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of William Florence late of Highland County, Ohio, Deceased.

Dated this 7th day of April A. D. 1913.

J. B. WOHLBY,
Probate Judge of said County.

Some Advantages

You gain in dealing with us.

You save the large commission charged by agents.

You get a handsome vehicle.

Our guarantee is absolute protection to you.

Our reputation for high grade work COMPELS us to give you better value than you can get elsewhere.

Our style is surpassed by no one.

Our material is the best that money can buy.

Our workmanship is perfect.

Our stock is the largest in Southern Ohio. We have 100 finished jobs to select from.

Our prices are from \$70 to \$135.

THE M. F. CARROLL & SONS CO.,
adv Hillsboro, Ohio.

Peoples' Column

FOR SALE.

Farm and Town property always for sale. Money loaned on Real Estate.

WADE TURNER,
Merchants Bank Bldg.

FOR SALE—Five thousand locust post. O. W. MCCOPPIN, Carmel, O. (6-5) adv

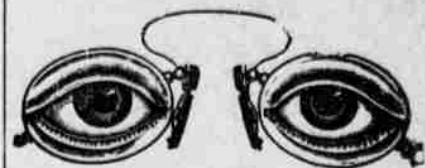
FOR SALE—Alfalfa seed, suitable for this latitude and Rotten Clarge and Yellow Dent seed corn. This corn is from the same fields as the corn with which I took prizes at the National and State Corn Shows.

Bell Phone J. W. WILLETT,
(51) Hillsboro, O., R. F. D. No. 9.

FOR RENT—House centrally located O. S. LEMON.

Wanted.

5000 rods of fence to build. Can furnish everything. Satisfaction guaranteed. See Wolfe & McCoy, West Main St.



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If you will need new fences this spring see me before buying. Page Fences are practical and are made for all purposes. When you buy why not get the best instead of paying as much for one not as good.

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